1. Najm al-Dīn ibn Siwār al-Dimashqī (1206-1278), a Ghazal and a Mukhammas that reworks the Ghazal

Texts translated, with transliteration, by Betty Rosen, from the edition published by the Arab Academy of Damascus, 2009, edited by Muḥammad Adīb al-Jādir. With thanks to Alexander Key for helpful suggestions.

**Ghazal:** *Makānuka min sirri al-fu’ādi makīnu*

Makaanuka min sirri ‘l-fu’aadi makiinu مَكانُكَ مِن سِرِّ الفُؤادِ مَكينُ

fa-sulwaanu qalbii ‘anka kayfa yakuunu فَسُلْوانُ قَلْبي عَنْكَ كَيْفَ يَكونُ

Fa-kun waathiqan minnii bi-ṣidqi mawaddatii فَكُنْ واثِقًا مِنّي بِصِدْقِ مَوَدَّتي

fa-mithlii fadatka ’n-nafsu laysa yakhuunu فَمِثْلي فَدَتْكَ النَّفْسُ لَيْسَ يَخونُ

Wa-ḥaqqika laa aḍmartu ‘anka tasalliyan وَحَقِّكَ لا أَضْمَرْتُ عَنْكَ تَسَلِّيًا

wa-ghayriya fii haadha ‘l-yamiini yamiinu وَغَيْريَ في هذا اليَمينِ يَمينُ

Wa-asmaru fii jafnayhi sayfun mujarradun وَأَسْمَرُ في جَفْنَيْهِ سَيْفٌ مُجَرَّدٌ

wa-maa baraḥat taḥwi ’s-suyuufa jufuunu وما بَرَحَتْ تَحْوي السُّيوفَ جُفونُ

La-hu rumḥu qaddin naaẓiraahu sinaanuhu لَهُ رُمْحُ قَدٍّ ناظِراهُ سِنانُهُ

wa-qalbii bi-hi duun al-anaami ṭa‘iinu وقَلْبي بِهِ دونَ الأَنامِ طَعينُ

Idhaa maa tabaddaa ‘awwadhat-hu bi-juhdihaa

quluubun bi-hi mashghuulatun wa-‘uyuunu قُلوبٌ بِهِ مَشْغولةٌ وعيونُ

Wa-in maasa ghaarat min ma‘aaṭifi qaddihi وَإِنْ ماسَ غارَتْ مِن مَعاطِفِ قدِّهِ

rimaaḥun bi-hi mashghuufatun wa-ghuṣuunu رِماحٌ بِهِ مَشْغوفةٌ وَغُصونُ

Yaziidu gharaamii qurbuhu fa-ka-annahu يَزيدُ غَرامي قُرْبُهُ فَكَأَنَّهُ

idhaa ḥalla ‘ind al-mustahaami yabiinu إِذا حَلَّ عِنْدَ المُسْتَهامِ يَبينُ

Wadidtu bi-an aqḍii bi-sayfi laḥaaẓihi وَدِدْتُ بِأَنْ أَقْضي بِسَيْفِ لَحاظِهِ

fa-yaa man ra’aa ṣabban munaahu manuunu فَيا مَنْ رَأى صَبًّا مُناهُ مَنونُ

Wa-man lii bi-an urqaa bi-khaṭṭi ‘idhaarihi وَمَن لي بِأَنْ أُرْقى بِخَطِّ عِذارِهِ

fa-bii min gharaamii fii hawaahu junuunu فَبي مِن غَرامي في هَواهُ جُنونُ

You are lodged deep in my innermost heart,

so how could I ever feel content without you?

Trust, then, in the sincerity of my affection, for one like me—

whose soul has ransomed itself for you—will not betray you.

Know this: I would forever resist the consolation of wasting away in your absence

even when others would violate their oaths to you.

He has passed the night in conversation, a sword unsheathed from his open eyes

while his eyelids were collecting swords.

His stature is a spear, his eyes its iron spearhead—

one that pierces my heart more than any other.

When he comes into view, the hearts and eyes trained upon him

set to casting their protective charms over him,

and if he were to saunter by, lanky spears and branches, enamored with him,

would cleave jealously to his curves.

When he is close, my passion grows—but it is as though he would remain separate

even in the presence of his absent-minded adorer.

I dearly wished for the cut of his sharp glance.

(O you who have witnessed passion: such desire spells a deadly fate.)

You who are mine, whose slant of cheek-fuzz charms me:

my love for you has brought me madness.

**Mukhammas:** *Widāduka ‘indī mā ḥayaytu maṣūnu*

Widaaduka ‘indii maa ḥayaytu maṣuunu وِدادُكَ عِندي ما حَيَيْتُ مَصونُ

wa-qawlu wushaatii bi-‘s-suluwwi ẓunuun وَقَولُ وُشاتي بِالسُّلُوِّ ظُنونُ

wa-ḥaqqika yaa man lii ilayhi ḥaniinu وَحَقِّكَ يا مَنْ لي إِلَيْهِ حَنينُ

makaanuka min sirri ‘l-fu’aadi makiinu مَكانُكَ مِن سِرِّ الفُؤادِ مَكينُ

fa-sulwaanu qalbii ‘anka kayfa yakuunu فَسُلْوانُ قَلْبي عَنْكَ كَيْفَ يَكون

Ṣuduuduka yaa mawlaa-‘l-milaaḥi maniyyatii صُدودُكَ يا مَوْلى المِلاحِ مَنِيَّتي

wa-anta wa-in a‘raḍta ‘annii munyatii وَأَنْتَ وَإِنْ أَعْرَضْتَ عَنّيَ مُنْيتي

wa-anta mina-‘d-dunyaa muraadii wa-bughyatii وَأَنْتَ مِن الدُّنْيا مُرادي وَبُغْيَتي

fa-kun waathiqan minnii bi-ṣidqi mawaddatii فَكُنْ واثِقًا مِنّي بِصِدْقِ مَوَدَّتي

fa-mithlii fadatka ’n-nafsu laysa yakhuunu فَمِثْلي فَدَتْكَ النَّفْسُ لَيْسَ يَخونُ

Fa-anta wa-in aṣbaḥat muwalliyan فَأَنْتَ وَإِنْ أَصْبَحْتَ عَنّي مُوَلِّيًا

wa-ruḥta li-asqaamii ‘alayka muwalliyan وَرُحْتَ لِأَسْقامي عَلَيْكَ مُوَلِّيًا

wa-a‘raḍta ‘annii quwwatan wa-tajanniyan وَأَعْرَضْتَ عَنّي قُوَّةً وَتَجَنِّيًا

wa-ḥaqqika laa aḍmartu ‘anka tasalliyan وَحَقِّكَ لا أَضْمَرْتُ عَنْكَ تَسَلِّيًا

wa-ghayriya fii haadha ‘l-yamiini yamiinu وَغَيْريَ في هذا اليَمينِ يَمينُ

Li-ṭarfay jafnun fii hawaaka musahhadu لِطَرْفَيْ جَفْنٌ في هَواكَ مُسَهَّدُ

wa-qalbii bi-niiraani-‘l-gharaami mu‘awwadu لِطَرْفَيْ جَفْنٌ في هَواكَ مُسَهَّدُ

wa-wajdii wa-in ablaa iṣṭibaarii mujaddadu وَوَجْدي وَإِنْ أَبْلى اِصْطِباري مُجَدَّدُ

wa-asmaru fii jafnayhi sayfun mujarradun وَوَجْدي وَإِنْ أَبْلى اِصْطِباري مُجَدَّد

wa-asmaru fii jafnayhi sayfun mujarradun وَأَسْمَرُ في جَفْنَيْهِ سَيْفٌ مُجَرَّدُ

wa-maa baraḥat taḥwi ’s-suyuufa jufuunu وَما بَرِحَتْ تَحْوي السُّيوفَ جُفونُ

A‘aana ‘alaa qalbii ‘l-gharaama ‘iyaanuhu أَعانَ عَلى قَلْبي الغَرامَ عِيانُهُ

wa-murru fu’aadii fii hawaahu iftitaanuhu وَمُرُّ فُؤادي في هَواهُ اِفْتِتانُهُ

wa-wajdii fii haadha-‘l-jamaali iftinaanuhu وَوَجْديَ في هذا الجَمالِ اِفْتِنانُهُ

la-hu rumḥu qaddin naaẓiraahu sinaanuhu لَهُ رُمْحُ قَدٍّ ناظِراهُ سِنانُهُ

wa-qalbii bi-hi duun al-anaami ṭa‘iinu وَقَلْبي بِهِ دونَ الأَنامِ طَعينُ

Kaḥaltu jufuunii fii hawaahu bi-suhdihaa كَحَلْتُ جُفوني في هَواهُ بِسُهِدِها

wa-admu‘uhaa qad gharraqatnii bi-maddihaa وَأَدْمُعُها قَدْ غَرَّقَتْني بِمَدِّها

wa-ṭal‘atuhu tukhfiyu**-**‘l-buduura bi-sa‘dihaa وَطَلْعَتُهُ تُخْفي البُدورَ بِسَعْدِها

idhaa maa tabaddaa ‘awwadhat-hu bi-juhdihaa إِذا ما تَبَدّى عَوَّذَتْهُ بِجُهْدِها

quluubun bi-hi mashghuulatun wa-‘uyuunu قُلوبٌ بِهِ مَشْغولةٌ وَعُيونُ

Wa-badrin jafaa jafni-‘l-karaa bi-saraarihi وَبَدْرٍ جَفا جَفْني الكَرَى بِسَرارِهِ

wa-aslama jasmii qurbahu bi-intiẓārihi وَأَسْلَمَ جَسْمي قُرْبَهُ بِاِنْتِظارِهِ

wa-fajja‘a qalbii ṣadduhu bi-iṣṭibaarihi وَفَجَّعَ قَلْبي صَدُّه بِاِصْطِبارِهِ

wa-man lii bi-an urqaa bi-khaṭṭi ‘idhaarihi فَمَن لي أَنْ أُرْقَى بِخَطِّ عِذارِهِ

fa-bii min gharaamii fii hawaahu junuunu فَبي مِن غَرامي في هَواهُ جُنونُ

Your dear affection is safeguarded with me as long as I live:

in my state of contentment, my slanderers’ words seem like petty gossip.

Know this, O you for whom I long:

you are lodged deep in my innermost heart,

so how could I ever feel content without you?

Your turning away from me, O most handsome Lord, is a deadly fate,

but you would remain the object of my desire even if you rejected it.

You are what I wish for and want most in all the mortal world.

Trust, then, in the sincerity of my affection, for one like me—

whose soul has ransomed itself for you—will not betray you.

O you—even if you were to look after me in the morning

only to leave me in the evening, looking away from the sickness you caused in me

and shunning me, forceful and recriminating—

know this: I would forever resist the consolation of wasting away in your absence

even when others would violate their oaths to you.

My glances come from eyes open in lovesick insomnia;

my heart is inured to flaming passion,

my ardor ever-renewed even when my patience has wasted away, for

his open eyes go on brandishing a dark sword

even when all other blades have been sheathed in eyelids.

His gaze stokes the passion in my heart,

his love charming away its bitterness,

and when he begins to speak, I am enraptured by his beauty.

His stature is a spear, his eyes its iron spearhead—

one that pierces my heart more than any other.

In my love for him, I blackened my sleepless eyes:

the rising tide of their tears has drowned me.

Now his countenance appears, outshining full moons and spreading good fortune.

When he comes into view, the hearts and eyes trained upon him

set to casting their protective charms over him.

How many full moons have retreated from my drowsy eyelids at month’s end,

my body, awaiting him, having shunned them when they were close by,

my heart having raged in torment as he forbore and kept his distance?

You who are mine, whose slant of cheek-fuzz charms me:

my love for you has brought me madness.